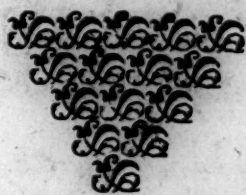


AN
ANNIVERSARY
ODE

ON HER
Majesties Birth-Day,

BEING THE
Sixth Day of *February*, 170²₃.

And let Her own Works Praise Her in the Gates, Prov.
31. 31.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. Janeway, and are to be Sold by B. Bragg,
in *Ave-Mary-Lane*. MDCCIII.

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Majesties Birth-Day,

BEING THE

Sixth Day of *February*, 170²₃.

L

HA I L Sacred Spirits of *Ætherial* Frame,

Lift to my gladsome Song ;

Let ev'ry *Seraph* Tune his Tongue,

And ev'ry *Angel's* Voice o'erflow,

With softest Sounds that Numbers know,

Such Strains of Melody as once became

Th' Immortal Voice of Fame,

When Universal Joy spread Heav'n around,

And *Israel* was with *Isra'l's* Fulness Crown'd:

When the Blest Consort of the Spheres
 Surpriz'd the Shepherds list'ning Ears,
 And Nature's self such Secret Pleasure bore,
 As the Creation never knew before.

II.

Attend you Guardian *Angels* of the State,
 You that o'er *Monarchs* wait,
 And all your willing Aids imploy,
 To raise, or to secure, their Joy.
 Hark to the Welcome Voice of Fame,
 From *Heaven* the Tidings surely came,
 That none but *Angels* dare proclaim,
 Triumphant o'er the Teeming Earth,
 At *ANNA*'s most Auspicious Birth.
ANNE, who Refulgent, like the Sun, does rise,
 And scatters Rays of Glory from her Eyes;
 But the Great *God*, to show his Pow'r,
 Lest Men too Justly might Adore,
 A Mortal Frame on *ANNA* he bestow'd,
 But on her Soul the Image of a *God*.

III.

III.

You Higher Orders of Mankind,
 That *Heaven* has pleas'd to raise
 Above the Flatt'ring Arts of Praise,
 That prostitutes the *godlike* Mind,
 Tune all your Hearts with Melody of Joy;
 With ev'ry Pleasure crown'd,
 Let all your Years abound,
 Whilst Mirth and Gladness your first Cares destroy;
 Let penfive Silence blasted be,
 And all the Cursed *Hierarchy*,
 That Sing not *ANNA*'s Immortality,
 Mute as the Scaly Kind let such become,
 Or as the Oracles of *Delphos*, ever Dumb.

IV.

Amidst the wild Attentive Throng,
 Let Musick hang on ev'ry Tongue;
 Thro' ev'ry Street proclaim the Sound,
ANNA in one Eternal Round:
 Where you begin or end 'tis all the same,
ANNA compleats the Springing Voice of Fame.

In *Hieroglyphicks* long foretold,
 By Mystick Sages taught of Old,
 When Proud *Iberia's* wretched Shore
 Shou'd feel the Force of *A N N A's* Reign,
 Insulting *Gallia* be no more ;
Gallia the Scourge of Injur'd *Spain*.

V.

Let all the Feather'd Brood
 Their Adorations pay,
 In chearful Notes Adore their god,
 And Bless this Solemn Day :
 Fearful of nought but their Creator's Pow'r,
 In gladsome Songs their Joy express,
 For *Albion's* Happiness.
 Let ev'ry Creature Smile,
 That breathes on *Albion's* Isle,
 And gratefully the *God* of *Heaven* Adore :
 Then speak the vast Design,
 The Wondrous Deeds that shine,
 Thro' *A N N E's* Immortal Line :
 Speak Her as Born for all that's Good and Great,
 And One on whom the Care of *Heaven* does wait.

Then tell how She Her *Empire* guides;
 And o'er *Britannia's* Sons presides:
 How She's for Government Ordain'd:
 How Majesty on Her does sit,
 And Pow'r looks Mild within Her Hand,
 Which Goodness softer Veil makes Sweet:
 See all *Britannia's* Naked Charms,
 Her Children Blest with Ease,
 Stretching their Conquering Arms
 O'er all the Wealthy Seas;
 Whilst *ANNA* Steers the Glorious Way,
 And we the Just Oblations Pay,
 Becoming *Heaven* and this Immortal Day.

VII.

Hark, the resistless Charm begins,
Angels display their Joyful Wings,
 And all the Host of *Seraphims*,
 Resplendent Bright as th' first Created Day,
 And Joyful as that Springing Morn,
 That did the Heavenly Work Adorn,
 With all the Beauteous Pride of Blooming May;

Lift to the Sound proclaim'd aloud
 Amidst the wond'ring Crowd,
 How pleasing Accents feed that grateful Fire,
 With chearful Voice each *Angel* does Inspire,
 And Sounds of Melody Tunes ev'ry Lyre,
 In Consort to the Great *Cœlestial Quire*.

VIII.

How ev'ry Chorus Triumphs in the Fame
 Of *ANNA*'s Deathless Name,
 When Nature struggled at the painful Birth,
 As Callow Birds attempt to fly,
 Myriads of *Angels* blest the Earth,
 And bear the Happy News on high;
 On Wings of Speed the Glorious Tidings flew,
 Bright *Phœbus* more resplendent grew;
 Thro' all the Courts of *Sol* incessant Light
 Diffus'd its Pleasure ev'rywhere,
 No dusky Clouds of Sable Night
 Did then on *Heavens* Verge appear.

IX.

As the Bright Orient Pearl, the gilded Morn
 Disclos'd the Beauties of the Day,

[9]

A N N A arose like *Cynthia*, Gay,
And blest the Happy *Ile* She does Adorn.

No Earthy Vapours stain the Face,

Whose Image is Divine,

No Gawdy Lustre can debase

The Stamp that's *Heav'nly* Coin.

Inherent Goodness never claims

From Fame a borrow'd Light;

A Vertuous Soul disdains

The Counterfeited Glimmerings of Night,

But, like it self, is always Fair and Bright.

X.

So *A N N A*, Spotless as an Infant Maid,

By Nature is Essay'd:

No *Virgin Gold* more pure,

That can the *Finer's Art* endure,

And has the *Rage of Fire and Lime* obey'd.

As Holy Lambent Fires

Ignobler Bodies waste,

And as the Flame expires,

The Sacrifice's encreast.

So we our Offerings on the Altar raise,
Join with our Hearts Eternal Praise,
And to the QUEEN an endless Round of Days.

XI.

Awake you *Britons* from your Sleep
Of dull Security and Ease,
Of more Inglorious Peace,
And Bless the *Goddeſs* that does keep,
Like a Kind *Shepherdeſs*, her Sheep,
From all the Rapines of a Potent Foe :
She Guards *Britannia's* State,
And Succours *Belgia* from th' approaching Woe
Of Her Impending Fate.
Awake ; let ev'ry Skilful Artiſt join,
Invoke the Sacred Nine,
Call *A N N A* only here Divine,
Then lay your grateful Offerings at Her Shrine :
Let Artful Strains Invite
To Pleasure and Delight,
And ev'ry *Briton's* Heart with Harmony Unite.

XII.

Let Tender Infants Sing
 Harmonious Songs of Praise,
Britannia's Children Tribute bring,
 Triumphs of Joy to *ANNA* raise,
 That ne'er shall cease till Time decays :
 How shall the yet Unshapen Forms,
 Hereafter to be Born,
 Exalt this Happy Morn,
 That gilds with Radiant Light the Northern Hemisphere :
 What unknown Joys shall spring,
 What Peals of Pleasure ring,
 Thro' *Albion's* Isle in each revolving Year.

XIII.

Numberless Years shall Crown this Day
 That *ANNA* Blest the Earth,
Britain's True Sons shall always say,
 Blest was the timely Birth,
 Blest was the Star that rul'd that Hour,
 And always Blest the Wondrous Pow'r,
 That gave to *ANNA* the Imperial Sway ;

While

While Time lags on its wonted Pace,
ANNA performs the Glorious Race,
 That Heaven decrees,
 O'er Earth and Seas,
 And all this lower World's extended Space.

XIV
 Then tell, my Muse, how Great,
 How Good, how Pitying, Kind,
 Ungrateful Britons find,
 The God that does protect their State;
 He that has Sworn by his Immortal Name,
 By Dead *Eliza's* never-dying Fame,
ANNA shall always be the same;
 No more to Sorrows Born,
 But Happy as that Morn,
 In which She did the *British* Isle Adorn;
 That Morn that Lawless Tyranny thrust down,
 And mounted Goodness to the Sacred Throne.

FINIS